

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where wee watcht,

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Nora. My Lord I did,

But answer made it none, yet once mee thought

It list'd vp it head and did addresse

It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:

But euen then then the morning Cock crew loude,

And at the sound it shrunke in haile away

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Nora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true

And wee did thinke it writ downe in our duty

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeepe sirs but this troubles me,

Hold you the watch to night?

All. Wee doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Nora. O yes my Lord, hee wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't hee frowningly?

Nora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Nora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Nora. Most constantly,

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Nora. It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, staid it long?

Nora. While one with moderate haile might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Nora. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was griss'd, no.

Nora. It was as I haue seene it in his life.

A fable siluer'd.

Ham. I will watch to night
Perchance twill walke againe.

Nora. I warn't it will

Ham. If it assume my noble fa-
lle speake to it though hell it selfe

And bid mee ho'd my peace; I pr

If you haue hether to conceald th

Let it be tenable in your silence

And what what soeuer els shall ha

Give it an vnderstanding but no

I will requite your loues, so fare

Vpon the platforme twixt a leaue

Ile visit you.

All. Our duty to your home

Ham. Your loues as mine to y

My fathers spirit (in armes) all is

I doubt some foule play, would th

Till then sit still my soule, foule d

Though all the earth ore-whelme

Enter Laertes and

Laer. My necessities are inba

And sister as the winds giue bene

And conuay, in assistant do not fle

But let me heare from you.

Ophe. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet and the triff

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blo

A Violet in the youth of primy na

Forward, not permanent, sweet, i

The perfume and suppliance of a

No more.

Ophe. Mo more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.

For nature cressant does not gro

In thewes and bulkes, but as this

The inward seruice of the mind fo

Growes wide withall, perhaps hee

And now no soyle nor cauteil doth

The vertue of his will, but you mu

Ham.

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